

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time,
Some with massive deeds, and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And, ascending and secure,
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain
And one boundless reach of sky.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

STILLNESS OF MIND.

Psalm xlv. 10.—"Be still, and know that I am God."

It is in the calmness of the soul—not when its passions are awake, not in its insensibility, but in its calmness—that we become most conscious of the Divine Presence. Thus the prophet sought his cave; and the patriarch went out at eventide to meditate; and Jesus found on the solitary summit of the mountain a place where he might be alone and pray. But, forgetting these great examples, we spend our days in restlessness and hurry, amidst the struggling and competing crowd, and beset by the stings and goads of ceaseless excitements. Man and the works of man come between the eye and the works of the Almighty, till, enslaved to the senses, it seems to us as if there were nothing in the universe except these human contrivances and projects and interests. We need, more than the patriarch of old, to go forth at eventide to meditate, and to seek in the quietness of the heart the presence of God.

Stillness of mind! What meaning in these words! "Be still, and know that I am God!" The command and the all-sufficient reason! Here is one of the truths learned in the stillness of the mind. Be still! Yes, this is the first step to knowing anything of God. While I am engaged in the stir and struggle of daily business, the sounds of the wharf, the street, and the workshop in my ear, how hard to think of

anything beyond! Man is too near. His words fill my ear, and shut out all divine voices. Everything that connects man with earth is awake, but the soul sleeps. Let us leave man and man's works, and go abroad into the heart of the natural world and learn some of its lessons. Summer has brought back its verdure and its bloom. As you leave the crowd of men and enter the retreats of nature, you are at first struck with the silence. The rattling of a wheel on the stones, the lowing of the herds, even a word spoken, is heard from a strange distance. But presently, and it is with a feeling of awe, you become conscious of other sounds. There are the cattle on a thousand hills, the birds in the trees; and from the grass rise myriad insect voices. The world of man is left behind, and you are introduced into a new universe of sights and sounds. The air is peopled with inhabitants unmarked before, the earth is peopled, every wave throws on the beach new forms of life, and the sunshine is full of glistening insect wings. As the mind pauses on such a scene, it does not reason or question: it feels and knows that there is a God. But it is not merely animated existence: the most striking peculiarity is that it is *happy* existence. Songs begin with the morning, and only end with the night.

These countless forms of animal life cannot provide for themselves; yet they are all taken care of,—from birth to death they are all taken care of. All that is needed for a happy existence is provided. As I look on such a scene, I understand that our Saviour's words are to be taken literally. Nature attests and explains his words, when he says, Not a lily blossoms, not a hair of the head, not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father's notice: how much more then will he care for you, O ye of little faith! Come, ye who doubt the goodness of God and the reality of his providence: here is not the vague, far-distant proof of it,—here is the very reality, the thing itself.

But there is a more impressive voice than that of Nature which speaks of God,—a voice from the human soul; and here the command becomes still more imperative, "Be still, and know that I am God." When philosophers would adduce evidence of the existence of God, they are accustomed to appeal to the works of nature, the won-

derful frame of man, the myriad forms of life, the worlds that fill the skies, the laws that reach from the plant to the stars, and bind all in one harmonious whole. The evident design, the beneficent purpose, the sublimity of the plan, obtrude themselves on our senses, and compel us to acknowledge the Creator. But the evidence which appears when we look into the human mind is still more impressive. Whence comes this reasoning mind,—of large discourse,—with memory and forecast reaching out, like two vast peninsulas, into the dreary ocean of the Past and the Future,—these affections that triumph over the grave and follow the shining track of angels,—these unsounded depths of awe and hope and fear? If a ship is not built by chance, if the construction of the commonest engine is the work of the mind, the mind itself, which frames ships and engines, and holds laws and commonwealths in its embrace, can be no chance work. The existence of a single mind takes us at once to the creating Mind of the universe.

And there is more than original creation. The aspirations of the soul, never satisfied with anything short of the infinite, take us up to heaven. And the conscience, which is meaningless except as it represents the moral law of God, which associates us with the moral order of the universe, and is a perpetual connecting link between the soul and its Maker,—the conscience, whatever our theory respecting its nature, is always the divine voice in the soul. And whose life has been so forsaken that he has not been constrained to say, Once, yea, twice, God hath spoken to me: in my sorrow he hath comforted, and in my sin he hath corrected me? God is present in holier thoughts, in more heavenly aspirations, in the gentle restraint when we are going astray, in the encouragement when we despond, in the providence that guards and protects.

But when and where and how shall we hear these divine voices? Only in the stillness of mind. They come not in thunder and the earthquake, but are still and low. In the clamor of the passions, in the noise of the world, we do not hear them. But be alone, and be still, and in the calmness the soul feels and knows the presence of God. Therefore, the guilty flee from solitude. And therefore will the devout seek retire-

ment; for in retired hours the divine presence is nearest, and immortal truths reveal themselves to mortal eyes. You have seen a lake embosomed in the hills. In the morning, while the winds swept over it, you could see only the glittering surface tossed into spangles of light, which instead of revealing did but hide the depths below. But the winds went down, and the waters grew calm; and there in the calmness its depths were disclosed, its rim of shining sands, and reflection of the forests and the skies, and, as night came down, the everlasting stars. So it is in the calm and silent soul: when the passions are hushed, and this superficial disturbance of the world is stilled, the great truths of heaven are reflected there.

Be still, and know that I am God! These words have scarcely less application to us than to those who first heard them. We come to a belief that there is a sovereign Creator and Sustainer of the universe. But all this may be, and still we may have no feeling that he is really God, that he is the actual ruler and disposer of all things, that these heavens are but the symbols of his presence, and these summer airs and genial rains and springing harvests are but the present manifestations of his benignity. When I murmur at trial or am impatient for some success, and wish to make my own will sovereign, can I be said to feel that the Creator is God? When every evil and calamity, and everything that seems to go wrong makes me despond and despair, can I believe in the reality of a Providence? The text addresses itself to these half-believers. Thou who art troubled with many things, who art thrown into despair by disappointed hopes, crushed into the dust by misfortune and sorrow, do not imagine that your true good is dependent on worldly success. Know that I am God, that these things come not by accident, that I am with you in these trials, that I visit you in these sorrows, and that I take you by this rocky and thorny road because it is the only one that leads to the soul's peace.

Be still, trembling and timid soul, and put your trust in God, and his arm shall bear you up as you walk over the waves. Be still, guilty heart, and, when sin tempts, remember him who is judge of the quick and the dead. Be still, desponding and distrustful soul, who art thrown into despair

by the delay of good or seeming triumph of wrong, and fear not, but wait; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.—*Ephraim Peabody.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I was sitting alone toward the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried,
And that only the gold and the silver
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won,

"It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,"
I said, "it will all be burned,—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried;
But I'm sure, when He sees such building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes makes us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me:
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But, oh, what a botch she had made it,—
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?—
With a tender smile and tear,
And a half compassionate yearning,
I felt her grown so dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,

"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto Him.

—*Woman's Work for Women.*

Again there is the cross of *Patience*,—
patience in suffering; and that other patience, in work,—quiet persistence. It is hard to be patient in sickness,—not fretful, not selfish, quietly letting the sickness have its time. It is hard to be patient in disappointment and trouble,—not cast down, steadily holding on in the right way. But perhaps in these eager, hurrying days the hardest cross of patience is patience in action. There is such a rush for success. Is it no cross to abide in quiet, useful ways of business, when men about you seem to be growing rich in a flash by speculation? Is it no cross to do more slow, solid work, when some flimsy superficiality would pass muster? And even so in higher things. Men want to accomplish their reforms at a stroke. This is the trouble with all who are striving for any good work in the world. It is against this that Christ calls us to take up the daily cross of patience; not to be too eager for quick results; to hold on and do right on that line; to choose the solidest work rather than that which looks as if it would be the quickest; and to abide in it, unmoved by what the weak call "the force of circumstances." Yes! all this is a cross. But be patient: have faith in God and right, keep steadily on; and, by and by, out of this very trial shall come its special blessing. Your doing will gain a massive strength: what you do will stand; and you will stand, in quiet steadfast power. And is not this a crown upon the life? The cross of patience becomes the crown of steadfastness.—*Brooke Herford.*

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

*Contributions may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe,
Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.*

"FROM THE OVER-SOUL."

R. W. Emerson.

"As it [the soul] is present in all persons, so it is in every period of life. It is adult already in the infant man. In my dealing with my child, my Latin and Greek, my accomplishments and my money, stead me nothing. They are all lost on him, but as much soul as I have avails. If I am merely wilful, he gives me a Rowland for an Oliver, sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength. But if I renounce my will and act for the soul, setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the same soul: he reveres and loves with me."

For the Mothers' Council. (Selected.)

"KISS ME DOOD-NIGHT."

"Pease, mama, pease, kiss me dood-night,"
My blue-eyed love with sunny curls
Stood pleading, 'tween her sobs and tears.
I said, "I can't kiss naughty girls."

I led her to her snowy cot,
"Pease, mama, pease," she sobbed again.
"I won't be naughty any more."
I left her, all her pleadings vain.

I had been reared in Spartan school,
And deemed it duty to control
With rigid rule, nor never knew
That Love with love should sway the soul.

I heard her sob, my mother heard,
With yearning filled to soothe and cheer;
Yet I refrained, and in her sleep
My baby still lay sobbing there.

'Twas midnight, when I felt a touch,—
A fevered hand lay on my brow.
My white-robed baby pleaded still,
"Pease, mama, pease, I can't s'leep now."

All through that agonizing night,
Delirious she moaned in pain,
The little broken heart still plead
For kisses that I gave in vain.

At dawn the angels hovered near:
She nestled close, and smiled, and said,
"I won't be naughty any more,"
And in my arms my babe lay—dead.

And I am old. The passing years
Have brought no comfort in their flight.
My heart still hears that sobbing cry,
"Pease, mama, pease, kiss me dood-night."
—Kate Thyson Marr.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

LONDON, May 22, 1899.

My dear Friends,—I did not expect last year to be writing to you from London in the spring of this year; but the letters I wrote then were so kindly received, and I have thought of you all so many times, that I am going to send you another.

We sailed from Boston by the *Leyland* line, and it was the most comfortable passage I ever made. The sea was perfectly tranquil during the whole ten days of our passage, and the deck like the floor of a room. If a sea voyage is quiet, it is a very restful time. There was a very good place to use as a daily promenade at the back part of the vessel. These daily walks for exercise were very pleasant. As far as eye could see, the dark blue, of mid-ocean, with white caps, and beneath us the steady, quiet vessel, patiently and faithfully carrying us on to our destination. For a steamer always seems like a live creature, with its throbbing pulse and regular motion.

Naturally, I found myself often repeating the verses, familiar already to some of us:—

White-capt waves far round the ocean!
Leaping in thanks or leaping in play,
All your bright faces in happy commotion
Make glad matins this summer day.

The rosy light through the morning's portals
Tinges your crests with an August hue;
Calling on us, thought-prisoned mortals,
Thus to live in the moment, too.

For, graceful creatures, you live by dying;
Save your life while you fling it away;
Flow through all form, all form defying,
And in wildest freedom strict rule obey.

Show us your art, O genial daughters
Of solemn Ocean, thus to combine
Freedom and force of rolling waters
With close observance of law divine.

On board was a lady from Plymouth, a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, and who was also one of the younger members of the Old Anti-slavery Society. We

had some pleasant talks together. Indeed, besides the exceptionally good passage, we had a pleasant set of passengers, the kindest attention and service from officers and employees, and every comfort in the way of table and lodgings.

Notwithstanding all this, when I looked upon the smiling face of our fickle and treacherous friend, the Atlantic Ocean, I could not but remember how she had knocked us about last October, when we were bruised and bumped black and blue and some of the passengers badly hurt.

This passage was a great contrast. I had carried with me a box of Post-office Mission letters, and answered six on the steamer.

While we were on the ocean came an anniversary which is never forgotten by those who had the privilege of knowing the two noble women who were lost on the "*Schiller*," May 8, 1875, Susan Dimock, the "beloved physician," and her friend, Bessie Greene. The evening of May 8 we were singing hymns in the dining-room. I sat thinking of these bright souls who were called to higher service on the anniversary of that very day, twenty-four years ago, and, thinking of them, asked for "Nearer, my God, to thee,"—a hymn which is always associated with them in my mind; for we sang it the day we laid Susan Dimock's body away under the green grass at Forest Hills, with the blue sky above, and all the sweet sounds and sights of a New England June speaking hope and peace to our hearts. Somehow, it made me sad that *we* were going so softly and steadily and safely to our desired haven, and to think of the contrast with that other night. But I remembered words spoken on the day of the funeral service, which have often come back to me since: "We have not come unto the mount which burned with fire, nor unto blackness and darkness and tempest; but we have come to Mount Zion the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the church of the first-born which are written in heaven, to God, the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant."

We landed at Liverpool late Saturday afternoon, so it seemed best to remain there over Sunday.

Now to many people Liverpool is a place to get out of as soon as possible; but to others it has sacred associations, recalling the names of Martineau, John H. Thom, and Blanco White. The Renshaw Street Chapel is not far from the Northwestern Hotel, and here was naturally the first stage of the pilgrimage. It is a very pleasant old church, standing back from the street, and with a graveyard behind it, where Roscoe is buried. Here preached John Hamilton Thom, some of whose sermons readers of *The Cheerful Letter* have seen, and whose wonderful little book—*Christ, the Revealer*—is treasured by all who know it. There is a tablet in the church to his memory.

The present pastor, Dr. Klein, is a very fine preacher,—a convert from Catholicism. He preached on the ascension of Jesus, and his prayers were especially simple and touching. After the service I had an opportunity of speaking to him, and of receiving a very cordial welcome, which made me feel that I was not a stranger even in the far-off city of Liverpool.

On Monday I went on to Chester, much heard of, but never yet seen, and stayed two days. The walk around the walls is the "thing to do" in Chester, and very pleasant on a breezy, sunny May morning. The old tower on one corner is still extant, where Charles I. looked out of the window, and saw his army defeated at Towton. It is now a little museum of curiosities, where an old guardian presides, with a comfortable little fire of coals to keep him company. Visitors are invited to stand where Charles stood, and look out of the window (though without the questionable pleasure of seeing a defeated army). Some of the curiosities in the museum are weapons of war dug up or discovered in the neighborhood, and exhibited as relics. It is a pity that all weapons of war are not relics.

It made a pleasant variety to sit in an old garden with Roman remains, and read letters from home.

I made three visits to the cathedral and one to the Church of St. John. Cathedrals are delightful to visit, but there is a sameness about the description of them; and I am never quite sure whether I enjoy the services or not. The organ music is always beautiful, the singing usually. The first ser-

vice a traveller hears in a cathedral fills him with emotions of awe and reverence. But when he has dropped in three times to a cathedral, and finds a service going on each time, there begins to be something a little perfunctory about it, or so it seems; and the cathedral alone, without the service, is more awe-inspiring.

The old houses in Chester are another curious sight, but the town is injured by the frightful number of drinking-places. Every other shop in the business streets is a liquor-dealer's.

In London I arrived Wednesday evening, and the next day went out to Highbury to take tea with my dear friend, Miss Sharpe.

I call this house my English home, because last year I spent several happy weeks with these kind and hospitable friends. The house is worth describing. It fronts on a large green space, which formerly was private property, but is now open to all, like our common; and behind has its own garden like its neighbors.

It is a broad, old-fashioned house; and glass doors open on the garden, both from the dining-room on the lower floor and the hall next it, and from the drawing-room (which, as in most English houses, is upstairs), though, being upstairs, of course this glass door does not open on the ground, but on a little balcony.

But the charm of the house is that it has a peculiar character of its own. Miss Sharpe's father was a distinguished Egyptologist, in days when such studies were very uncommon; and the house is filled with relics and treasures and articles with which there are associations, always interesting, now sacred. On the staircase hangs a frame containing a wonderful piece of old Egyptian writing on papyrus. On the mantel-piece are rows of images representing Egyptian gods. Old books are everywhere, some of them valuable early editions.

Mr. Sharpe was a banker, a nephew of the poet Samuel Rogers, who belonged to the same house. His days were necessarily given to business, and his evenings spent in the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics. This was his recreation.

We may perceive from this that he belonged to that type of Englishman whose

gift is a wonderful power of work,—the same type to which belong Gladstone, John Stuart Mill, and Frances Power Cobbe.

Studying Egyptian antiquities and hieroglyphics naturally led Mr. Sharpe to write a history of Egypt. The history of Egypt is closely bound up with the early books of our Bible. He made a new translation of the whole Bible. Book after book followed on all sorts of interesting allied subjects. His last book was a Hebrew grammar. "For," he said, "the study of Hebrew had been made by its grammar needlessly difficult; and, with a simple grammar, it would be quite easy to read it, as easy as Greek."

In the old garden, where his daughter, after the pleasant custom of English women, works in the long bright June twilight, tending her favorite plants and shrubs, and where I have often walked at the same hour, her father used to sit. And there on the walls his favorite Bible text is written, in three different languages, — Hebrew, Greek, and Latin: —

"Hear, O Israel! The Lord our God is one Lord!" L. F. C.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs.

Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Springfield Branch. Address Miss Clara D. Hoar, care of Samuel Bowles, Crescent Hill, Springfield, Mass.

Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena"; "Coupon Bonds, and Other Stories," J. T. Trowbridge; "A Fair Saxon," Justin McCarthy; "The Workers," Wyckoff; "Prisoners of Poverty," Helen Campbell; "The Reproach of Annesley," Maxwell Gray; "More Cargoes," W. W. Jacobs; "The House on the Moor," Oliphant; "Memoirs and Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Conan Doyle; Wentworth's "Primary Arithmetic"; "Our World Reader," No. I.; "Plants and their Children"; "Beginner's French Reader"; "Life of George Washington"; "The Magician's Show Box"; "Carl Krinken and his Christmas Stocking"; "Learning to Read," Jacob Abbott; "The Three Gold Dollars," Jacob Abbott; "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mrs. Burnett; "Little Men," Miss Alcott.

Miss Frances H. Curtis, 409 Centre Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass., offers the following books: —

"Snowflakes"; "A Bunch of Pansies," Synthia Bullock; "The Language of Flowers"; "The Poetical Works of Milton"; "Poems," James Vila Blake; "William's Poems," N. P. Willis; "Between the Lights"; "The Vagabonds"; "Oh, Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" "Nearer, my God, to thee"; "Household Elegancies"; "Beautiful Homes"; "Stepping Heavenward."

REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for

the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.)

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

The address of Emma M. Backus is changed from Grovetown, Georgia, to Saluda, Polk County, North Carolina. She wishes to tell the Cheerful Letter Club how much difference their good reading has made in her life. She would be glad of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* or the *Magazine of American Folk-Lore* published by W. W. Newell at Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mrs. Nichols and Friends,—It has been about three years since I have received reading from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Last Christmas our house and all the contents were burned. Will some one please send me some novels that they do not care for any longer? I think so much of Rosa Carey's and E. P. Roe's novels. But, dear friends, anything good to read will be thankfully received by one who is so hungry for reading matter. Mary Spellman, Bentonport, Iowa.

I would like to have very much a "Book of Dialogues and Recitations," "Samantha at the World's Fair," "Montezuma's Daughters" by Wallace, instrumental and vocal music. I also have a brother, eight years old. I would be pleased to receive something for him. Lucile Davis, St. Just, Orange County, Virginia.

I wish to thank those who sent *Munsey*, *Puritan*, and *Black Cat* magazines. I do appreciate so much and have greatly enjoyed reading them. I can only thank them in this way, as they sent no address. I would be glad of the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1899. If any one will send to me when through reading, I will pass it on to others. Mrs. Ara Denpre, Pine Grove, Texas.

Miss E. A. Ford, Monroe Centre, Maine, would be glad to receive a dictionary.

Will any one who has "Mr. Pepys's Diary" or any of the "Tales of a Grandfather" to give away, kindly send them to Mrs. Mary A. Laurason, Fayetteville, North Carolina?

I am teaching a few small children, high up in the mountains of Western North Carolina. They are bright children, and some are very anxious to learn, but have no books, and their parents are not able to buy them. If any one has old school books for small children, especially geographies and arithmetics, they would be thankfully received. Miss Lois Bryson, Balsam, North Carolina.

Mrs. Telithia Oliver, Pine Grove, Texas, asks for any reading. She is a poor farmer's wife, and would be thankful for anything that may be sent.

Mrs. Hattie D. Wood, Durwood, Indian Territory, would like a primer for her boy, also current numbers of *Ladies' Home Journal*.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN ELIOT.

In the parish of Nasing, situated in what was once the famous Epping forest of Essex, John Eliot was born in 1604. Little is known of his early life except that his parents were deeply religious and brought up their son accordingly. They were probably people of substantial means; for he was educated at Cambridge, from which he graduated in 1623 with a good scholastic record, especially in the study of languages. After leaving the university, Eliot acted as usher in a school kept by Rev. Mr. Hooker, a non-conformist, who was presently obliged to leave England to escape the religious persecution under Laud.

However, that short time spent with Hooker left a lasting effect on the younger man, confirming as it did Eliot's Puritan convictions and influencing him to enter the ministry. Already the coming of troublesome times was foreseen by that great Puritan element whose stronghold was the eastern counties,—a foresight which played such an important part in the founding by them of a New England where civil and religious matters should be regulated by the people themselves.

Realizing that persecution against all but

those of the Established Church was waxing more intolerant year by year, Eliot followed the example of some of his Puritan brethren by seeking freedom across the Atlantic. Joining a band of colonists who were emigrating to the year-old settlement of Massachusetts Bay, he left England and that part of his life which, though now unknown, must have been prophetic of his after career, and landed in Boston November, 1631.

The First Church being without a pastor by the temporary absence in England of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Eliot filled the position most acceptably until the following year brought over a considerable number of his former friends and neighbors. These settled in Roxbury, and formed a church with Eliot as the head, agreeably to a compact made before they followed him from England. This same year saw his marriage with one whose name is not preserved, but who is described as an admirable wife, devoted and sympathetic with her husband's benevolent and intellectual work as she was efficient in the management of her household. With his benevolent disposition and untiring attention to the calls of his profession, Eliot at times disregarded the material interest of his family, who would have suffered in consequence, had it not been for this capable helpmate.

Previous to beginning the work most intimately connected with his name, Eliot's life was similar to that of any other prominent clergyman of his time. Devoted to his calling, he yet took an active interest in all public questions; for those were the days when the clergy as leading men appeared prominently in civil affairs. The Pequot Treaty (1634) showed him a champion of republican principles; for, when that treaty of friendship was made by the governor and his assistants, he attacked the procedure from the pulpit on the ground that the people had not been consulted. It will be well to look back on a circumstance that probably influenced his action.

A few months previously, by popular demand, a representative body from all the towns had been created to assist in legislation; and it was to guard its newly acquired rights that protests arose, chief among them being Eliot's. So influential was he that the magistrates sent three ministers to rea-

son with him, his old friend Mr. Hooker being one. They succeeded in convincing him that the governor had not exceeded his authority, the treaty being only one of friendship, not of war or peace. Prompt as had been his denunciation was Eliot's frank confession of mistaken judgment, and the following Sunday he openly stated his change of attitude.

More consistent with his calling was his connection with the trial of Ann Hutchinson for heresy. One of her strenuous opponents and inflexible as so many, he yet differed from many by retaining his dignity and showing no rancor against the unfortunate woman who was presently banished from the colony.

Christianizing the Indians had been according to the charter one of the aims of founding the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Individual attempts had been made from time to time; but it was not till 1646 that, the colony prospering, the General Court took up the matter, and called for advice from the churches. For some years Eliot, deeply interested in the Indians whom he regarded as descendants of the lost tribes of Israel, had gone among those in the vicinity of Boston, winning their confidence while carefully studying their ways and language. This last was a stupendous task, since, there being no written record of the language, the learning of it was confined to oral instruction. Nevertheless, Eliot threw himself into the work, and with that linguistic talent which had distinguished him in his university days soon acquired a certain fluency and at the same time, carefully noting any approach toward grammatical rules, laid foundations for his future Indian grammar.

A few months after the meeting of the General Court, Eliot was preaching to the Indians at Nonantum, part of the service being conducted in English, the rest, including the sermon, in Mohican, which in its different dialects was spoken by the Indians of Massachusetts. His hearers received him well, paid attention to all he said, asked intelligent questions, and begged him to repeat the visit. Thus auspiciously begun, these meetings continued regularly and with surprising success, the Indians showing remarkable docility and steadiness of interest. There was some trouble with the medicine

men, who saw their own influence attacked, there were many obstacles found in the Indian nature, there were the innumerable physical discomforts that any civilized person endures in close intercourse with a people whose daily life and habits are so little removed above those of the higher animals; but, on the whole, Eliot's success seems surprising. Much of this was due to the respect and confidence he had earned from the Indians, by an integrity of purpose and dauntless zeal which recognized neither danger nor hardship. This tact, patience, and common sense with his converts were striking. From the beginning he believed that the new religion, to be permanent, should be accompanied by chances for them to acquire civilized ideas and customs. This led to the planting of a settlement at Nonantum in 1647, the red men themselves making and maintaining the simple laws that ruled this first collection of "Praying Indians." Under Eliot's supervision, besides provision being made for religious instruction, improved wigwams were built, the soil improved, and certain simple industries started, which included spinning for the women. Eliot never attempted to coerce the Indian to accept civilization, but with rare insight sought to develop his higher nature to appreciate the necessity and advantage of order and industry. As his sphere of influence continued to increase, other communities of Christianized Indians grew up in the vicinity of the Massachusetts towns, all built on the plan of Nonantum.

Until 1649 Eliot persevered in his pious work with little outside assistance. In that year, there was incorporated in England "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England," which contributed from this time, not only for the spiritual necessities of the Indians, but to the support of their schools and settlements, and also to the publication of Eliot's translation of the Bible and other books.

For years Eliot had dreamed of establishing a large town for all the Christianized Indians, where they could be taught trades and civilized customs in general. In this project he was eagerly seconded by many of the Indians, who willingly gave the then distant Deerfield, when Dedham, in 1651, granted Natick as the place of settlement. Following Biblical example, this new Indian

community was divided into tens, fifties, and hundreds, under ruler of its own; for, while the supreme authority of the colony was acknowledged, Natick, in ordinary affairs, was regarded as self-governing. Popular interest was excited, and visitors of distinction travelled thither to see this social experiment, whose success drew forth the admiration of Governor Endicott and other magistrates, as can be gathered from their letters.

While thus receiving support from home and abroad, the enterprise was attacked by some cynics in England, who declared Indian conversion and civilization a farce, and the English society a combination for fraudulently obtaining money. The work went on, however, until the Stuart restoration gave the promoters much uneasiness lest the society's charter should be revoked. Probably it was due to the political uncertainty of the time that the governor and council of Massachusetts condemned as seditious the *Christian Commonwealth*, recently printed by Eliot, whose text, they claimed, cast reflections on the home government. Unfortunately, no copy exists; but the pressure must have been great that the work should be repressed, and Eliot, with his intrepid nature, should have recanted from the principles expressed in the pamphlet. Happily, before long the society, on whose existence so much depended, had its charter renewed by King Charles.

In 1661 was printed the translation into Mohican of the New Testament, followed in two years by that of the Old Testament, to which latter were added a catechism and the Psalms in verse. This, Eliot's crowning work, was the first Bible printed in North America.

Continually busy translating many religious works, writing an Indian grammar and primer, publishing pamphlets to encourage public interest in his work, all exclusive of his pastoral duties, Eliot accomplished an extraordinary amount of work.

There was a serious and anxious time for him during King Philip's War, when the Christian Indians, placed between two fires, were distrusted and frequently persecuted by both sides. Eliot did all in his power to protect these Indians, who on the whole remained true to the English in the trying time,—a remarkable circumstance, as they suffered from various acts of violence

caused by popular prejudice. Finally, the Indians of certain towns, including Natick, were transferred to Deer Island in Boston Harbor, to remain till near the end of the war.

Till this time the towns had grown in numbers and population, it being computed that in Massachusetts there were 1,100 praying Indians at the outbreak of hostilities; but harsh conduct caused loss of faith in the white man. The Indians never returned to certain of their towns after the forced emigration, and much of Eliot's work was undone.

Old age found this stalwart old man still actively engaged in his arduous work. For years a colleague had been connected with the Roxbury parish. Then came a vacancy of that position, during which time the old minister fulfilled all the duties, till failing strength obliged him to have assistance. He offered at the time to relinquish his salary; but to this the parish would not consent, and presently settled Rev. Nehemiah Walter.

Mrs. Eliot had died at an advanced age, greatly mourned by her bereaved husband, who already survived nearly all his contemporaries. Active to the last, interested in all the projects that had received his care, he yet longed to join those lifelong friends who had preceded him from this life, saying, with characteristic pleasantry, that certain of those brethren must suspect him of going the wrong way, since he remained so long behind. Finally, the call came; and he died at Roxbury, May 20, 1690.

Few characters in New England history are so strong and attractive as this man, who so justly earned the title of Apostle. With all the virtues and strength of the Puritan, he combined an uncommon gentleness and charm of manner that recognized the value of humor and simple amusement. His habits of living kept him so robust that, even as an old man, he continued those journeys to distant Indian tribes that led through forests and streams unbroken by path or bridge. Mental equalled bodily vigor; and, when death came, it closed a long and useful life whose unusual talents had been spent in the service of others.

Fine feelings are worth anything only when they serve as the motive power for fine deeds.—*Miss Murfree.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.]

Charades.

1.

My *whole* has claws and wings and a bill,
And is black as the ace of spades;
My *last* a letter is readily found,
If vowels one evades.
My *whole* is a pastime for young and old,
Often played by twos and fours;
And this great advantage it has for all,
That it keeps them out of doors.

2.

Come let us *third, second*, my generous *first*
Is flooding the parlor with light.
In a far distant clime my brilliant *whole*
Exhibits his colors bright. E. P. P.

Riddles.

1. What is that which grows larger the more you take from it?
2. What is the difference between a hill and a pill?
3. When does the House of Representatives present one of the most ludicrous spectacles?
4. Why is the inside of everything mysterious?
5. What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upward?
6. Which is the most polished king in the world?

A Spring Garden.

Plant the following articles, and what will come up?

1. A kitten.
2. A puppy.
3. A sunrise.
4. A box of candy.
5. Christmas Eve.
6. A preacher.
7. Faust.
8. Not guilty.
9. The Star-Spangled Banner and the Union Jack.
10. Tiny bottles.
11. Imitation stone.
12. Contentment.
13. Plant you and me, and what will come up?

Poetical Pi.

Ojy scemo, figer sego, ew wonk ton who;
 Therevying si payph won,
 Everynight si drawp vingrist;
 Sit sa saye won orf het hater ot eb rute
 Sa rof sargs ot eb gener ro sikes ot eb
 lube,—
 Sit het ratnula awy fo givlin.

Answers to Puzzles in June Number.

Riddles.

1. Jay. Bee. Gee. Tea. Dee. Pea.
 Queue. L. You. I. Sea.
 2. Dumpling. 3. Cock-a-doodle-don't.

Conandrams.

1. Because he must be killed before he
 can be cured.
 2. Because she spreads her sheets, crosses
 the line, and goes from pole to pole.
 3. Because he can choose his own sub-
 jects.
 4. One rules the waves, the other rules
 the serfs.
 5. When his designs are bad.

Charades.

1. Armour. 2. Pillow. 3. Huntress.

The every-day religion of doing good and
 loving one's neighbor is simply achieving
 spirituality of life. And it is this spiritual-
 ization, not religion merely, that the world
 needs. It is the result of which any religion
 may be one of the processes of aid.—*Lillian*
Whiting.

God does not take away the Red Sea, nor
 the wilderness, nor Jordan, but goes with
 us through them all,—a cloud by day, a
 pillar of fire by night.—*James Freeman*
Clarke, D.D.

In our Father's house are many mansions.
 The room that we spend most of our lives
 in, each of us at our tasks or our work-tables,
 may be in our Father's house, too; and it is
 only we that can secure that it shall be.—
Alexander Maclaren, D.D.

Let gratitude for the past inspire you
 with trust for the future. Be persuaded,
 timid soul, that God has loved you too
 much to cease loving you. Do not distrust
 him. Remember that he is the Father of
 mercies and the God of all consolation. He
 sometimes takes away his consolations from
 us, but his mercy ever remains.—*Fénelon.*

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 enclosing the receipt which shows that the
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